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ROSLIN CASTLE.

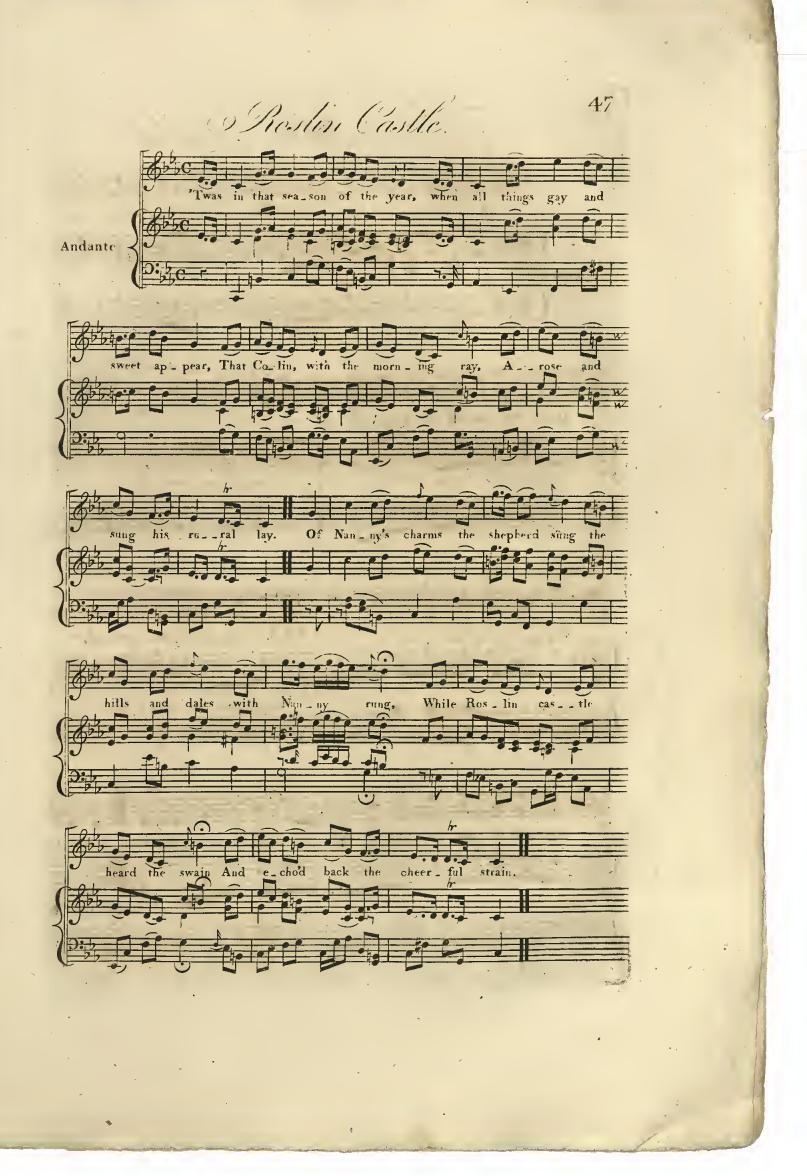
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'Twas in that season of the year,
When all things gay and sweet appear,
That Colin, with the morning ray,
Arose, and sung his rural lay:
Of Nanny's charms the shepherd sung,
The hills and dales with Nanny rung,
While Roslin Castle heard the swain,
And echo'd back the cheerful strain.

Awake, sweet Muse, the breathing spring. With rapture warms, awake and sing;
Awake and join the vocal throng,
And hail the morning with a song:
To Nanny raise the cheerful lay,
O! bid her haste and come away;
In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
And add new graces to the morn.

O! hark, my love, on ev'ry spray
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay,
'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
And love inspires the melting song:
Then let my ravish'd notes arise,
For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes,
And love my rising bosom warms,
And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O! come, my love, thy Colin's lay
With rapture calls, O! come away!
Come, while the Muse this wreath shall twine,
Around that modest brow of thine:
O! hither haste, and with thee bring
That beauty, blooming like the spring,
Those graces that divinely shine,
And charm this ravish'd heart of mine.



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